The Tebanon Express.

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JOB PRINTING: All descriptions of Job Printing done on shot notice. Legal Blanks, Circulars, Uniness Car 's Billheads, Lotterheads Posters etc., executed is good style and at lowest living prices.

Cigarettes and Pictures.

There is a suggestion of lechery in certain windows in this city which ought to be dealt with by the societies who aim to suppress noxious literature. This objectionable display is to be seen in a majority of all the windows of the cigar-shops, and especially those in which eigarettes are for sale. It is composed entirely of the figures of young women, who are seen posed in every conceivable shape which permits or affords a lascivious suggestion.

The purpose of this is plain. The smokers of cigarettes are almost wholly composed of boys and young men, who are necessarily of a susceptible age, and on whom it is intended by these pictures to produce something in the nature of a conviction that the smoking of these products is somehow a part of the voluptuous exhibition. The feeble-minded noodle who puffs the cigarette smoke of burnt papers and tobacco through his nostrils associates with each exhalation something of the sensuousness of the window exhibitions. The dreamy eyes, the suggestive lips, the naked, well-rounded limbs, the exposed bust, and the languishing pose of the figures all become unconsciously a part of his cigarette habit, and he is doubly demoralized-once by the enervating practice, and again by the libidinous promptings of the meretricious displays.

The whole thing, both the smoking and the painted invitations in the windows, is a deplorable debasement. It is a sapping of the slender stock of ing about it, either in the effeminate "So you are a detective, come to arrest smokers or the painted sirens, that is my husband?" she called in a loud had increased until Don Pablo had now manly, robust, or strengthening. It is voice. sentations, to permit them to influence success. tendency, in connection with the vice of now affected. They would in time disappear, and society would be relieved of ir presence. Unfortunately, their to others, and thus their existence is perpetuated.

Let the society having in charge the matter of obscene literature and similar damaging products take this condition eration. There is certainly in it an evil, and a growing one. It may be possible that when a callow and incontinent youth can no longer be stimulated by amorous suggestions when he buys his cigarette he may cease to patronize it. - Chicago Times.

How to Read.

Nobody can be sure that he has got clear ideas on a subject unless he has years. - Detroit Free Press. tried to put them down on a piece of paper in independent words of his own.
It is an excellent plan, too, when you have read a good book, to sit down and write a short abstract of what you can remember of it. It is a still better plan, if you can make up your mind to a slight extra labor, to do what Lord Stafford and Gibbon and Daniel Webster did. After glancing over the title, subject, or design of a book, these eminent men would take a pen and write roughly what questions they expected to find answered in it, what difficulties solved, what kind of information imparted. Such practices keep us from reading with the eye only, gliding vaguely over the page, and they help us to place our new acquisitions in relation with what we knew before. It is almost always worth while to read a thing twice over, to make sure that nothing has been missed or dropped on the way, or wrongly conceived or interpreted. And if the subject be serious, t is often well to let an interval elapse. Ideas, relations, statements of fact are steep them in the mind, in the nope of thus extracting their inmost essence and significance. If one lets an interval obscure, and full of perplexity.

All this takes trouble, no doubt; but, then, it will not do to deal with ideas that we find in books or elsewhere as a certain bird does with its eggs-leaves them in the sand for the sun to hatch and chance to rear. People who follow this plan possess nothing better than ideas half-hatched and convictions reared by accident. They are like a man who should pace up and down the world in the delusion that he is clad in sumptuous robes of purple and velvet, when in truth he is only half covered by the rags and tatters of other people's

east-off clothes. - John Morley. he has tried at night ever failed. Now what we want to know is, did Mr. Edison ever try at night to find the matches in his bare feet without disturbing any of the furniture or stubbing his big toe against seventeen different obstructions. me; he's knowed me all my life, sah. New Haven News.

CAJOLED BY A WOMAN.

An Incident in the Experience of a Secre

In the summer of 1864 complaints were made to our bureau that some one

was "shoving" bogus shinplasters in the neighborhood of Green Bay. A good many hundred dollars' worth of the currency was let loose all at once, and I was detailed to proceed to Wisconsin and work up the case. It was settled before I started that the "stuff" had been printed from plates made by an engraver known to us as "Slick His right name was, I believe, Sam. His right ham be was then in State prison on a long sentence. It was 15 cents pretty certain that the plates had fallen into the hands of some of his pals, and were being made use of in a lively manner. It was probable that the printing was being done in Chicago, and that an "agent" had struck Green Bay to un-

> Upon reaching the place mentioned I found that almost every branch of trade had suffered, and pretty soon I was able to show that most of the bogus money had been passed upon them during one week. Then they began to hunt up sales and recember buyers, and it was settled that the "shover" was an old grayhaired man named Newell, who lived on a farm a few miles away. had purchased dry goods, notions, hardware, drugs, and almost e erything else, paying shinplasters which appeared almost new. It was plain to me after getting thus far, that he had bought his bogus money outright of me agent, or had sent to parties in

I swore out a warrant for him, took the cars to within four miles of his a log house, and had but a few acres cleared. Evidences of poverty and shiftlessness could be found on every hand. I was quite certain that I saw him about the door of the house while I one was in sight. However, after I had done some lively rapping a muscular Pablo was rich beyond almost the dream woman about 30 years old opened the and desired to see her husband. She of the counterfeiters. She stated that er husband was off hunting, but would

be home soon. After we had talked for half an hour or more the woman's demeanor suddenly changed. What aroused her suspicion semi-dude voluptuaries. There is noth- who I was and my arrend

and said she had been expecting it for offered by the window exhibition has a the best of the situation. She shed tears owned by him that he had never spoken and seemed much affected, and as the to. ination, rickety in brain, and feeble, tiued absence and kept me seated on Carmen, knew most of them. marrowless, and exhausted in body. It the plea that he must soon show up. 1 Mounted upon one of her horses, and class, and it would be well, providing I ran out doors she rushed into the the damage could be limited to those other room. I passed half-way around the house to find the old man hanging head downward, hands on the ground thing in the least. vice is contagious; they communicate it feet up. After I had released him and men would give them medicine; were

The Hand of a Thief.

The present rage for palmistry recalls an incident which occurred half a dozen years since at Bar Harbor. There were staying at one of the hotels a pretty young widow from Baltimore who was versed in the secrets of chiromancy and a young Kentuckian who was par extience the lion of the season. widow for some reason or other had taken a whimsical dislike to the popular somberner and hardly acknowledged an acqu intance with him; yet he one day ventured to ask her to read his mind, as she had already deciphered the palms of half the people in the use. They lady first demurred, but at length thinking, as she afterward explained, that it was simpler to do as she was asked than to contest the point she requested the gentleman to show her

He did so, and, with an involuntary start of surprise and a frankness which was evidently genuine, she exclaimed: "Why, it is the hand of a thief!" not to be taken by storm. We have to the interview took place upon the piazza in the presence of a group of boarders, the position of the young man was a sufficiently awkward one, but he did pass, and then returns, it is surprising how clear and ripe that has become which, when we left it, seemed crude, the most perfect tact and self-control: "Ah! Thank you. That suggests to me a means of making my way in the world that had never occurred to me; and since the war we southerners have to be

on the lookout for opportunities." His ready wit saved the situation, and he was more popular than ever; but the interest of the tale is that two or three days after he was discovered stealing the diamonds of a wealthy downger. and although the matter was hushed up as much as possible for the sake of the hotel and of the people who had introduced the Kentuckian, it somehow leaked out that the rouge was an old offender and a thief long known to the police of New York and Philadelphia.-

"Well, Thomas, you say you have a commend?" "Waal, yes, sah; 1 recommend?" brought my fadah long to recommen -Harper's Weekly.

A Nurse.

A nurse, a simple nurse; to the unthinking Only a nurse, and nothing but a name; A patient woman in her round of duty, Living and dying all unknown to fame.

Only a nurse, a messenger of mercy, An Argel sent into our suffering race. With quiet step and tender hand of healing, Divinest pity on her gentic face.

When all the world lies wrapt in quiet slum-

Save the poor sufferer mosning on his bed, Whose watchful eye with Christian love keeps vigil
Through the long night with silent, softened
tread.

Only a nurse, in duty all unshrinking;
Before such scenes man's stouter heart
would quali;
See there! T at sweet, fair girl in screst trial
ls at her pest, nor will her courage fail. The fever we but terror-struck encoun-

Or fly before with selfish, coward dread; While nurse and doctor hasten to the resour And stand unflinehing by the stricken bed. Hark! That weird beli-an secident at mid-The nurse and doctor, wakeful, close at who minister to suffering or dying, The hospital's hereic little band!

There you or I may in our need find refuge, With kindly help and loving, to der care; Respect we give those brave, unselfish wo-Med night and day remember them in prayer.

IN IMMINENT PERIL.

The warm tropical moon threw its rays down upon the sleeping hacienda, or country-place of Senor Don Pablo Maria Gomez. The long line of white buildings, enclosing within them the patte or court-yard, where the air was heavy with the scent of the orangeblossoms and fragrant with the subtle house, and accomplished the rest of the odor of the limes, had in the moonlight way on foot. He lived in the woods, in a strange weird look, as though they

were not real. The house itself was of but one story, and covered a wide expanse of ground. Built of stone, its windows, with their wooden bars, made it look something was yet some ways off, but when I like a goal; and its severe outlines and reached it the door was shut and no sharp right angles gave little hint of the

of avarice. door and inquired my business. I replied that I was an agent from Chicago of his wealth. Lying there in the moonlight, about a thousand yards invited me in, believing, as I meant her from the great house, were rows of to believe, that I had come as the agent palm-huts, heavily thatched, and in these were the sleeping slaves. His great-grandfather had received the grant from the king of Spain, and with it an allotment of Indians, which practically covered all that the Hidalgo could capture. His son, Don Pablo's I can't say, but I saw that she looked on grandfather, had been among the forevirility of the youth who offer the incense me with distrust. Thinking that the most to urge the importance of negroes. force of the Esmeralda ranch.

a mistake to tolerate these gaudy pre- I sought to calm her, and had instant did own. In point of fact, just as they She settled down in her chair were parts of his enormous estate-fiftythe class that they reach. The seduction weeks, and that her husband must make he had never seen, so there were men

cigarette-smoking, to produce a class, time passed and I wanted to go out and But if Don Pablo did not know all, lascivious in thought, salacious in imag- bunt up Newell she excused his con- his daughter and only child, Donna

may be that it would be well to inter-pose no obstacle to this degradation of a heard a voice shouting for help. While rode here and there over the place, and

and feet in a small window four or five Were any of them sick, Donna Cartaken him into custody I found that he any in trouble, to Donna Carmen they had run into the room when he saw me approaching the house. When the wife raised her voice it was to warn him who

I was and what brought me there. He climbed out of the window to escape, but in his descent his trousers caught on a nail and held him fast. The wife daughter returned for the last time from was delaining me in order to give him a the convent of Our Lady of Mercy, good start, but it turned out that she where she had been educated, all the was only prolonging his sufferings. He women on the place rejoiced; for did stood it until he could bear it no more, they not know that their senorita had and then called out. The case against been betrothed to Don Louis ever since him was so strong that he made no de she was ten years old, and was not Don fense, and received a sentence of siz Louis as handsome and gallant a young feliow as you could meet? Most assured

> The older men, however, were not so well satisfied, holding, as they did, that Don Louis might be, and probably was, all very well; but he was not, in their opinion, worthy of Donna Carmen. The strongest believer in this view was old Juan, who had looked after his young mistress from the time she was a little baby, and who worshipped the ground she trod on.

> However, as Juan would have felt the same, no matter who came to woo, this was, perhaps, to be expected. the truth, Don Pablo himself felt somewhat the same way, and therefore, listened with great patience to old Juan's grumbling.

> But it was summer-time for the young people. Riding out in the cool morning, spending the hot noon on the wide iazza, lazily reclining in that universal ammock of the Spanish race, filling up the evening with music, with merry talk, and joyous laughter, the days went swiftly by.

> Don Pablo would listen to the two, happy in his daughter's happiness, and recalling now and then, as he watched them, the days when he went to see his Mercedes—she who died after a brief two years of wedded life, and left a void in her husband's heart, which had never been filled. And now his Carmen was going to leave him; was thinking more of her future husband than of her father, as that father believed. Is it any wonder that Don Pablo was not offended with old Juan?

> The moon went down, and you could faintly see in the darkness some dusky figures stealing towards the house. A lozen of them, all small, looking more like boys than men. Gathering around one of the windows, they worked at something in silence.

> By-and-by the wooded bars were taken out, and some of them stole into the room without a sound.

> A noise like a cry cut short broke on the ear, and then two figures passed through the window, taken by the watchers outside, and then the whole party disappeared as silently as they

Don Pablo and his guest sat at early coffee next morning, wondering greatly why Donna Carmen did not come. Calling one of the women at last, Don Pab- wrung the hand of Don Pablo convul- United States, being 91 years old.

lo sent her to ask the reason. In a few moments she rushed into the

"Senor, senor! the senorita---" "Well, what?"

"The senorita has—gone!"
"Gone!" exclaimed the two men in a breath, rising from their seats. "Gone where?" added Pablo.

"Oh, senor, she's gone, and the win-Don Pablo rushed out of the room,

followed by Don Louis.

The examination which followed dis-closed but little, except that Donna Carmen and her servant Manuela, who always slept in her room, had disappear--how, was easily seen from the open window and cut bars.

There was no trace to be found of tracks. Nothing else seemed to have been taken; simply, as the peon woman

had said, they were "gone."

Don Pablo sank under the blow. He seemed as though he were in a dream. He sat in a chair staring vacantly before him, and nothing they could do seemed

With Don Louis it was different. Calling Juan, who, by-the-bye, was nearly distracted, be asked him if they had any Ligreros, or tiger-hunters, on the estate.

Learning there were two, he sent for them, and before long they came to him. Tall, thin, almost gaunt men, with more than one sear on their halfnaked bodies; their long, black hair twisted up into knots on top of the head, with heavy long knives hung at the waist, and in their hands the deadly blow-guns.

They stood before the young man listening to his rapidly told story. Then they began their search.

they examined every inch carefully, but without any result. Hast there ever been any trail, the peons trampling over it would have effaced it long before. At last the older of the two said to

"Senor, los peros" (the dogs). "What a fool I am! Here, Juan, bring the dogs here, and get that one of mine. All you people go in the house until we get the trail. Josefa, bring me some dress that your mistress

In a moment or two Juan came out, leading five dogs. Large, with heavy dew-laps, rather short legs, but long bodies, of a deep liver and tan color, they were as beautiful specimens of the Spanish bloodhound as one could

Don Louis took the dress Josefa gave him, and calling the dogs, gave it to them to smell. This they did for some time. Then, leading them to the window, he let them loose. Generations of man-hunting had taught these animals

Slowly, with their noses on the ground they circled round until at last one of them lifted up his head and gave a prolonged bay.

Instantly the others gathered round him, and after smelling for a moment, repeated the sound. Then they started wards the canes, the tiger-hunters following them, and behind Don Louis and a dozen peons. Reaching the caues, the hunters found the trail, and examined it keenly for a few momenta. "Senor, they are Mucyeas," said the

"Are you sure, Pedro?"

"It's near the great feast, isn't it?" "Se senor-next month.

Don Louis burried back to the house to see Don Pablo, and to tell him the

ish days, the most dreaded of all the tribes in New Grenada. Highly civilriors, the old histories are full of ac-counts of their raids. Like the greater part of the South American Indians. they worshipped the sun, and once a year held a great feast in his honor, at which they always had human sacri-

bie men on the hacienda why the light of their eyes had been stolen away in the night. Donna Carmen was destined to have her heart torn from her body as an offering to the Great Lord of the Sky, the Mighty One, the Ruler of the Four Pillars of the Earth-Huana-

There would be warriors and pilgrims resent by the thousand; there would be offerings of gold and precious stones, there would be solemn dances and hymns sung in honor of their god, and then the girl would be laid on the altar. and the white-robed priest would offer her bieeding heart before the snapeess stone which was held in such rever-

Small wonder, then, when Don Pablo heard the name of the Mucyeas, that he threw off his apathy and prepared to fight for his own,

In a country where men habitually travel in a somewhat rough and ready fashion it does not take long to get ready for an expedition, and in less than an hour horses were saddled, mules packed, and Don Pablo, with Don Louis and some twenty mounted peons, all fully armed, had started.

As before, the dogs, followed by the iger-hunters, went first, and about ten ards behind these came the rest of the party. They passed through the cane paten, struck the wide savanuah, or grazing part of the estate, and towards evening came to the foot of the moun-

Here they had a long consultation. The trail led right up the rocks, and Don Pablo knew that about two leagues in that direction would bring them to ground where the animals could not travel. Upon pointing this out to the guides, the older advised that the main road across the mountains should be taken, and the party pushed forward as fast as possible in order to intercept the Mucyeas in the valley beyond.

This plan Don Louis strenuously posed, believing, as he did, that the chance of losing them was too great.

After an animated discussion it was finally arranged that Don Louis, with the dogs, one guide and seven peons, should follow the Indians, while Don Pablo, with the rest of the party, should try and cut them off.

Tying bands of cotton around the dogs, so that they could see them in the

sively, as the latter said to him:

"If you cannot save her, my son, kill her, if you can. It is better that a Christian maiden should die by the hand of a Christian eavalier than that she should be offered up as a sacri-fice to those hideous gods of the sav-

And Don Louis, as he bent over to receive the other's blessing, registered a fearful vow in his heart.

Leaving the rest Don Louis and his little party struck rapidly up the mountain-side. The road became rougher and rougher as they toiled up, the mules being barely able, with much urging, to keep pace with the dogs. As for the tiger-hunter, he seemed insensible to fatigue, as he walked swiftly ahead of

About half-past one they camped, and, taking some food, lay down to

At daylight the next morning they started again.

At the height they now found them-

selves, the scenery was inexpressibly dreary; the seany vegetation scarcely veiled the dark rocks; the mountains were everywhere split into the most fearful chasms and rifts.

About noon that day they had to abandon the animals, and then began the chase on foot, Climbing with feet and hands up the rocks, they toiled on, and towards nightfall reached the highest point. Here they camped again.

Once more at daylight they started, and by two in the afternoon again reached trees. The guide, who had narrowly watch-

ed the dogs, came to Don Louis and warned him that they were close to the party now. A word from Don Louis, and all examined their weapons to see Quartering the ground to and fro, that they were ready. Then onward once more.

When the two girls, Donna Carmen and Manuela, had waked up only to find their beads wrapped up in cloths and themselves bound, their terror was extreme. Utterly unable to see anything, they felt themselves lifted up, transferred from one to another, and finally tied in the chairs which the

Indians carry on their backs. Then they were taken rapidly over very energetic voice. The words of the the ground, it being some eight hours after their capture before the wrappings around their heads were taken

As soon as they saw their captors they knew what fate was in store for Manuela burst at once into tears, and loudly bewailed her fate, but Donna Carmen was perfectly still. She rode along, praying constantly,

although, when thoughts of her father and of her lover obtraded themselves, she had the greatest difficulty in keeping back the tears. She talked to Manuela, trying to cheer her up with the hope of rescue, although poor girl, she had little belief in its possibility herself. Beyond the fact that the men made

long journeys, and the girls were very tired, they were treated well, and fed with the best the Indians had. The second night they camped in a little glade in the forest; the Indians slung a hammock for Donna Carmen, and spread a mat for Manuela, and then

building a fire, began to cook. Donna Carmen was lying in her bammock, the tears which she had kept back ail day streaming from her eyes, while below her, on the ground, Manuela had sunk into a troubled sleep. Suddenly they were startled by the sound of guns, and six of the Indians round the fire sprang into the air only

to fall prostrate. The next moment Donna Carmen heard the voice of Don Louis as he dashed into the open space sword in

"Louis, Louis!" she screamed, and in a second he stood between her and the savages. The tiger-hunter bounded into the

place, and with his machete, or long knife, cut off the arm of a man who had just raised his deadly blow-gun. The dogs followed, and seizing three of the Indians, fairly tore them in

pieces. In the meantime, however, two of them had got their blow-guns raised, and the two little darts flew through the air, one striking Manuela on the arm, and the other Don Louis in the

It was their last shot, however, for, with savage yells, the peons closed in on them and simply hacked them to

not know it, and would certainly have died had it not been for the tigerhunter. Coming up to him he cut the arrow out, and was then going to suck out the poison, when Donna Carmen, pushing him to one side, knelt down, and, applying her lips to the wound, saved her lover's life Not any too soon,

It was two days before Don Louis was well enough to be even carried in a litter, and before that time Don Pablo, with his party, guided by the other tiger-hunter, had joined them.

Poor Manuela was buried in the woods. The slow journey back to the hacienda took nearly a week; but it was not more than six weeks before a brilliant wedding saw Don Louis and Donna Carmen made man and wife. It was then that Donna Carmen gave two of the hamdsomest Spanish guns that could be bought for money to the tigerhunters, one of which, preserved by the descendants of the younger, I saw when I heard the story.

Tell Your Wife About It.

I think it is safe for a man to tell his wife all he knows. And it is unsafe for him to keep her in ignorance of his financial affairs, or in ignorance of anything bearing directly upon her do-mestic affairs. The judgment of most true wives and mothers is often remarkably good; better, in many cases, than that of their husbands. wife," should be the husband's motto. No need to ask wives to tell their husbands all they know. They do it any-how. And this is no slur on them, for they have a right to .- Zenas Dane, in Good Housekeeping.

Justice Mansfield, of Vernona, N. Y.,

Aunt Maria on Sunday Observance.

Aunt Maria has been our cook for twenty years, and though she sometimes nods in the chimney-corner, she is not so old as to burn the roast beef or scoreh

Aunt Maria generally wears a brightcolored handkerchief upon her head in the shape of a cornucopia. When she puts on one as crimson as a scrap of sunset, and very stiff with starch, she is in a talkative mood.

At such times she loves to sit upon an old horse-hair sofa in the corner of the kitchen, and tell what she dalls, "De tales my gran'daddy told me w'en I wuz a gal. During the Christmas holidays Aunt

Maria entertained her young nephew from the city with an opossum story. evidently intended to "point a moral" through the medium of the supernat-

"I'll tell you," she said, with an air of infinite instruction, "w'at a 'possum's

"He's 'bout twict de size ob a growedup cat, an' he's gray an' sorter shaggy, wid long wool, but hit ain't kinky like a nigger's. He's got feet like a cat, an' his tail is ez cl'ar ob ha'r ez a hoop staff. Dat's de describement ob him. "He's a powerful deceivin' animal. He acts jest like he's dead when he ain't. He lays on de groun' quietsome ez a corpse, an' dey ain't nuthin' kin

beat his deceivinniss. "I know some humans dat plays possum ter keep from gwin ter work. an' I ain't got no-use for such trash. "A fat 'possum is better eatin' dan a roas' pig. He's greasy an' good ter de tase. Some people ruther chaw on de bones ob a 'possum dan de meat ob a

"Dar's a mighty big diffrunce 'twixt a 'possum an' a 'coon. 'Coon meat is a heap stronger ter de taste dan 'possum meat, an' dey don't favor wun anudder

"Dar's a tectotal diffrunce 'twixt all de animils. I'm gwin ter sing a song fer you dat de cullud folks sings 'bout de 'coon, de 'possum, an' de rabbit. Without further preface, Aunt Maria plunged into the liveliest of tunes, which she sang in a somewhat cracked but

enorus were these:

De race seu tale got a ring all 'roun', Au' ---- 'pesson talt go bar. De rabble ne got no all at all, But a beetle bunch on hu'r. Aunt Maria's delighted listener asked her enthusiastically to sing something

"I'm obleeged ter you, honey," she replied with evident gratification, "but 'm fleshier dan I use ter be, an' I'se got de asmatics in my chist. I'se afeard ter sing, cept wunst in a while. But l'il teil you a tâie dat my gran'daddy told me bont a man dat used ter hab de wickedness ob huntin' on Sundays. Gran'daddy said de man-he was a nigger man dal wuzn't converted by baptizin'-foilered huntin' fer a bisness all de days ob de week, an Sundays too. "He wuz a beg 'possum-hunter. He Commodore Perry was Sen-went out wan Sanday nate wid a gang uncle on his mother's side.

ob dogs ter hunt fer possums. "Atter awhile de dogs got on de trail ob a 'possum, an' treed mit. De dogs wuz a good ways ahead ob de man, an' he called ter dem, an' kep' dem baying at de tree tel he come.

"When he got dar he seed a big w'te thing civering up de limbs of de tree. He tuk his ax, an' struck a heaby lick inter de tree, an' cut bit down. 'twarn't a live .'possum he cotched,

twuz de gose ob wun! "De sperit spoke ter him an' 'Munday nite, Chuseday nite, Wensday nite, Thursday nite, Friday nite, Sad-

day nite, Sunday nite poor can't git no res'.' 'Den de gose pitched on him from de tree, an' wrapped him an' his dogs up in a sheet. An' w'en de sperit unwoun' hit de dogs runned off an' nebber wuz seed no mo' by nobody. De man went nome, an' tuck ter his bed an' died. "An' I b'lieves de killin' wuz done by de Lord, 'case de hunter man nebber minded w'at de good book ses 'bout de keepin' ob de Lord's day."- William H.

Hayne, in Southern Biovuac.

The Road to Prosperity. The history of the last fifty years of usiness in the United States teems with the same lessons. There is no royal road to prosperity. The heights of permanent success can be attained only by steady climbing, step by step, over toilsome and often very rugged paths. Toere are very few strong business concerns in this country that began on a large scale. Nearly all started with but little present dimensions and power by thrift, industry, and perseverance. In the days of their weakness the founders of these houses were taught by experience how to overcome the difficulties they encountered. Even the few enterprises that started in a large way that have proved successful have been founded and managed by men who gained their wisdom and skill by long service in building up similar undertakings from very small beginnings. As a rule men of this kind succeed in what they undertake, because they combine prudence with enterprise, and never venture beyond their depth.-From the Manu-facturers' Record.

company in one of our eastern cities ed low to see how to lead my men. We who is a thorough mechanic and a successful inventor. In one of the draught- with thirst. Beauregard galloped by; ing rooms is a table with square, rule, pencil, and a few other appliances aled him and pressed on. The federals pencil, and a few other appliances al-ways on it. Perhaps this table may be visited three or four times a day by the president, who will jot down figures, lraw a few lines or make a sketch. He That evening he was shot through the may not come for several days, and he bridle-hand. Gen. Imboden approachmay work at the board or table for ed, called his attention to the fact, and several hours at a time. At last the suggested surgical aid. Jackson said: work is thought out and its elusiveness is fixed by the penciling. The result is then properly drawn, patterns are made, ing on the field until the engagement the castings are finished, and the ma-chine is completed. All this is the pro-cess of thought-growing, lasting per-the surgeons were busy, of course. haps for weeks or months. During One of them, seeing Gen. Jackson, ap-that incubating time the idea possessed proached and offered him assistance. the inventor in as true a sense as that The general insisted that the surgeon he possessed the idea. Probably no attend to those who were more seriously merely literary effort required greater hurt than himself, saying he preferred devotion to its subject, more intense thought, or more exercise of the reason relieved.—Southern Bivouac. and judgment. - Boston Budget.

MISSING LINKS.

Little bed-post bells rung by elec-tricity are now used to waken sluggards in Belgium.

A blind citizen of Steubenville, Ohio, claims to be able to tell the color of a horse by the sense of touch.

Kaiser Wilhelm is economical. He uses a second time nearly all the envelopes of the documents addressed

It is said there is but one building in the city of Buffalo, N. Y., to-day that conforms exactly with the building regulations.

A steamer with a stirring screw has just cut the water that rolls 'twixt Dover and Calais in fifty-eight minutes. That is how far England and France

Arizona has but ten counties, and Pima is the oldest of them all. It was settled by Europeans, and its early history makes up the annals of Arizona

for more than 150 years. Gen. Roger A. Pryor still wears his hair long and still carries bimself like a soldier, but he is notably stouter and dresses less like a Virginian and more

like a Broadway man. Zigzag lightning seized by the camera of M. Mousette, in Paris, proved to be a spiral. The streak cork-screwed its way from the cloud instantly to the nuch-smitten earth.

T. A. Edwards, of Union City, Erie county, Pa., owns a live white robin. It was captured young in the spring of 1885, and is a robin in structure, song and habits-everything but plumage.

The Rev. Dr. J. G. Armstrong of Atlanta, the somewhat sensational preacher who strongly resembles Wilkes Booth, has abandoned the pulpit and gone into the life-insurance business. Miss Nellie Nevada Moore is the chief

architect and builder of a charming house in which she lives near Pittsburg. She wears trousers when doing men's work, but when that is over she dons skirts again. The retail grocers of Winnipeg. Manitoba, have formed an association

for mutual protection, especially against local grocery and provision peddlers, and the system of retailing carried on by wholesale dealers. A Vienna writing-master has written forty French words on a grain of wheat that are said to be easily legible for good eyes. It has been placed in a

glass case and presented to the French Academy of Sciences. Children playing in the bed of Silver Creek, right in the city of Silverton, Ore., found a piece of gold-bearing rock very rich in the precious metal, and now there is a gold craze among the in-habitants of the little city.

Senator Butler of South Carolina is said to strongly resemble the face of Commodore Perry as depicted in the painting in the capital at Washingto Commodore Perry was Senator Butler's Dr. Boyd-Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, when laying a corner-stone recently

was invited by the architect to become an "operative mason" for a few minutes. "No," said he, "I cannot become an operative mason; but I am a working Carpenter." The emperor of China's new throne in Shanghai is to have its foundation and pedestal made of gold bricks, and the sub-prefect of Sochow has sent to

of the ordinary shape of clay bricks, for this purpose. Judge Tourgee of "Fool's Errand" fame has invented a barness for horses which does away with leather aitogether, and consists entirely of brass and steel. He hopes to make a fortune out of his patent to reimburse him for

Pekin 3,000 pieces of solid gold bricks,

his losses in publishing the tentinent. There has been formed in London an association—'The Society for the Pre-vention of Hydrophobia and the Roform of the Dog Laws"-having for its main object the enforcement of a better control over dogs. One of its methods will be to accomplish the destruction of dogs of low degree.

Stonewall Jackson at Manassas.

I never was close to him on the field

of battle but once-that was on the hill not far from the Henry house, at the first battle of Manassas. He was extremely pale, but his eyes glared with an unnatural brilliancy. It was on that occasion that Col. Baylor of Augusta county rode hurriedly up to him capital and worked their way to their and said: "General, my men are armed with the old flint-lock musket, and not half of them will fire." He replied: "If you will examine it you will find that old musket has the best bayonet in the world. Use the bayonet, colonel. In a short while the federal troops began to give way, and it is possible that this circumstance turned the tide of battle. I have seen the statement somewhere that Gen. Bee said to him, "General, they are beating us back," and Jackson's reply was: "We will give them the bayonet, sir." This may be true, but it is probable that the remark made to Col. Baylor was afterward claimed to have been made to Gen. Bee. I will never forget the terrific fighting that evening about 3 o'clock-Methods of an Inventor.

There is a president of a tool-building

There is a president of a tool-building arms. The smoke blinded me; I stoopwere almost exhausted, and burning ways inspired his men with confidence. "It is a mere scratch, sir." His hand